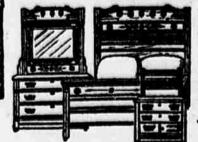
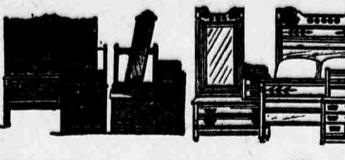
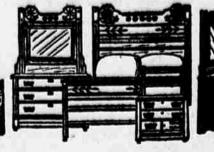
Different Woods, at a Big Discount to make room for Holiday Goods.

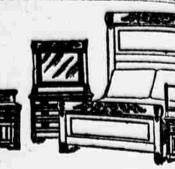




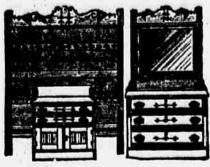


















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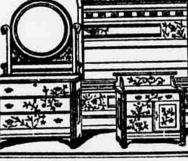




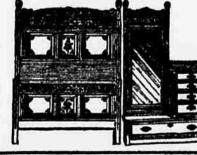


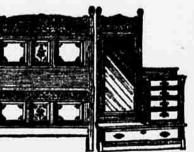


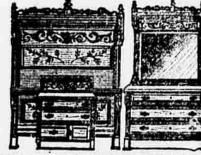




FURNITURE COMPANY,







RANDOM JOTS OF THE WEEK

The New Mingling of Races Here-How in Bialogue-Warning to Public Speakers

That the American people "belong to the Anglo-Saxon stock" we were often told by the speakers, and especially by the British speakers, at the Methodist Ecumenical Conference just held in Washington. We heard the state-ment oftener in old times than we hear it in these times, though even as far back as forty years ago, there were in the American stock a Celtic element and also a Teutonic eleof thousands of Italians who have come here and multiplied their kind during the past ten years, and in view of the millions of Celts. Teutons, and people of other races who have ome here and raised families during the past forty years, it cannot very well be now maintained that our population is of the Anglo-Saxon stock, though the original Puritan set-Then we have the progeny of the "Dutch States, beside the descendants of Frenchmen Then it is estimated that we have in the country a million Hebrews, who, however, sountry a million Hebrews, who, however, stand apart from all other races. Then again it is not to be forgotten that something like a seventh of the population of the country are of African extraction, and also that the abortique of African extraction, and also that the abortique of the British people are very fond of boasting that they are the posterity of Angles and Saxons, but it is safe to say that the majority of the population of the United States in the closing years of the nineteenth century do not belong to the Anglo-Saxon stock.

Bitting opposite to me in an elevated train the other day there were two deaf mutes, a young woman, engaged in conversation. With tures of the mute pair were brought into play in the dialogue. Now it looked to me as if they were holding an argument; then it looked as if he were giving an account of something: mandeuvres; at another time a thoughtful mood appeared in the countenance, or again a resolute spirit, or yet again some other mental condition. Perhaps all my inferences as to the but I stand ready to wager a nickel that some of them were right, as they were founded on analogy. It is Julian Hawthorne who mainwill cease to indulge in vocal speech, which, seconding to his opinion, is a very inadequate exponent of thought, and a poor substitute for the subtler methods of expression to which mutes are accustomed.

"I believe," said the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton in my hearing, "that there will be greater sanges in the world before the end of our century than there have been at any other time since the advent of Christ." There is a notion of this kind in the minds of many people nowadays who are not crack-brained, insluding people who cannot forecast the nature of the impending changes, or foretell the very time at which they will occur, as it has been forstold by Lieut. Totten of Yale College. But in the mean time, even the cynics can sustain their spirits with the assurance that they will very soon know all about them; the end of the century is not far off.

to a writer who denied its existence. I notice that the subject is taken up by the Parisian, Max O'Rell, in his new book, "A Frenchman in America." After he had spent some time in New York, he wrote thus:

American women in this country, and it must be admitted that they did not lack in piquancy. Yet he might easily have found in New York more interesting specimens of the feminine dialogist than those of whom he makes report.

A few days ago I heard a notable clergyman of this city preach a sermon. He spoke in a way that all public speakers ought to be warned against speaking in. He spoke far too rapidly; he rattled along as though his time was short; he worked his tongue and jaws to their utmost capacity, and, if there were any spaces between his words, they were what the printers call "hair spaces." It was hard for his hearers to understand his vocabulary, and I am sure that few if any of them were able to keep up with his booming thought, or follow the line of his argument, or perceive the bearing of his illustrations, or get any benefit from his post-haste moralizing. I doubt if, after he got through, any of his hearers could have given a summary of his sermon or if any of them carried away aught beyond a confused notion of its drift.

Let me say to all preachers pleaders, and other orators: Do not speak too rapidly; do not rush through the harangue in headlong fashion: give each and every word its full and proper sound: take at least a short breath between the sentences, and pause once in a while at least as long as the time between the ticks of a clock; give the hearer a chance to take in your ideas, to get hold of your logic, to see your flustrations, and to feel the force of your flund appeal when "driving things home." Not long ago a man who was about to make a speech recited it in my hearing before its public delivery in order to get advice about it. When he was ready to begin the recitation I said to him, "Slow!" After two or three minutes I said, "Slower!" and the word was repeated from time to time as he went along, until I had to warn him against drawling, heatfation, and monotony. This is all the advice I had to give him, all the criticism I had to make in his case, and it may now be serviceable to others than the reciter in question. hard for his hearers to understand his vocab-

orators, win applause by eloquence, and stand up as rivals of Demosthenes and Cicero. Burke and Webster. We Americans are apt to enter-tain the notion that almost any smart fellow has in him the stuff of which oratory is made. yet the stuff is rare for all that, though there be many glib-tongued people among us. What are the qualifications of the great crator, and what the characteristics of first-class oratory? The best description of the orator is that given long ago by Cleoro in his treatise on the subject. This master of the art of orator is on the subject. This master of the art of oratory insists and shows that, to the orator, all intellectual accomplishments are necessary. He must possess an aptitude for dialectics and a thorough training therein: he must be a scholar, a man of broad knowledge and familiar with public affairs; he must be a student of nature and the sciences of nature, for the aske of imagery; he must be a profound philosopher, knowing the thoughts and the processes of thought, as well as the desires and the passions and the ways of men and of markind. Ay, and still other and further qualifications this orator must have, according to the Roman Cicero.

It will be admitted without debate that not yet the stuff is rare for all that, though there

tions this crator must have, according to the Roman Cicero.

It will be admitted without debate that not all of our current orators are thus qualified.

Another error prevalent among us is that men who are great in any line, eminent authors, or soldiers, or statesmen, or inventors, must possess the power of oratory. We call upon one of these men for a "speech," and, if he is found to be incapable of delivering a masterpiece of eloquence, he is apt to fall under the suspicion of being a blockhead after all. Yet there are men of great mind able to do great things, though incapable of speechifying, and we have had, and now have. Americans of that kind.

John Benytton.

The Duchess d'Uzès, who has distinguished herself in sculpture, in painting, and in musical composition, has just published a novel, which, if some of the Paris critics are to be believed, entitles her to a place in litera-ture. She exhibits or publishes her works unture. She exhibits or publishes her works under the pseudonym of Manuela. And it may be said that at least the first praise Manuela got way to Manuela and not to the noted Ducheas. The title of the novel is Julian Masir. Julian is a very comman man indeed, who, when a boy, saves a prince from death. The prince saves him some years afterward and then dies. The widow of the prince takes Julian under her protection and arranges an excellent marriage for him. But he falls in love with the princess and becomes her murderer through this passion. The book is not long, but is tuil of dramatic situations. All Paris is wondering how a woman who spends so much time in society, in hunting, attending fraces, and other sports, and is directing all sorts of banavolent enterprises, found time for writing this novel.

TWO FAMOUS FISHERMEN RETIRED Capts. Fence and Noice Ashore for Good,-The Ain't I Green !

The oldest and most widely known fisherman in New York waters, Capt. John Fence of Clifton, S. I., has retired from business. He is now 77 years old, hale, hearty, and strong. For more than fifty years he was the leading waterman among those who made their living by taking anglers down to the fishing grounds. and hosts of the lovers of the sport to-day will be sorry to learn that the old Captain has sold has become a landsman for good. His partner, Harry Nolen, also retires with him, and the two old chums will spend the rest of their days in the calm that for them follows many a

On the Romer Shoals, and out on all the bluefish grounds from Saudy Hook to Barnegat,
the old skipper knew more fish haunts than
any other man that followed the water hereabouts in his time. He built all his own boats,
and every one of them proved to be an able
and good craft on the wind. On board he had
a place for everything and everthing in its
place, and his place was at the tiller. That
was something which in rough weather he
would never allow any man to touch, and the
parties who knew him best felt most at ease
when Jack had the stick.

He pleked up the boathuilding in the Navy
Yard, and when he left the service of Uncle
Sam, many years ago, he began to build for
himself. All his boats for a long time were of
the same stamp or model; but at last he departed from his original lines, and determined
to build a craft on a different plan. The result
was a narrow and deep boat, about thirty feet
over all. She was certainly not a thing of
beauty, and some experts laughed at her when
she was finished. He painted her green, not
because there was anything Irish in his mind
—he was born in Bordeaux—but because he
believed that that color would last longer than
any other that he knew of. He was at a loss
to find an appropriate name for the boat until
one morning when his little daughter saw her
for the first time. Ain't she green!" exclaimed the child. That settled it. She was
iaunched and christened. In letters of gold
her name appeared upon the stern, "Ain't I
Green!"

It didn't take John long to discover that the
little boat was a wonder, but he endeavored to
keep the secret for a time in order to have
some fun with her. Whenever any boat came
along to size her up he would jam her flat into
the tecth of the wind and stealthily haul up
her board. Then she would crab beautifully
while the other boat passed him to windward,
and each crow had a different cause to isaugh,
but when the Stapleton Yaoht Club
came out for one of their grand regattas the Ain't I Green! was entered and the
boys laughed again. When On the Romer Shoals, and out on all the blue fish grounds from Saudy Hook to Barnegat.

racht. Sho was last heard of when doing duty as a pound net boat somewhere on the Jersey coast.

Most of Capt. Fence's customers were jolly Germans, and although the "Cap" is French to the tips of his finger nails, he was always a great favorite among them. The bluefish anglers he called "blues." The blackfish and seabass flends he called "nigger heads." The weakfish asthetes he named "squegoes." The word "squeteague" was too much for him. If he ever fishes again—and the probability is that he will—it will be for his own fun. He has made money enough to give him plenty of it, and is is still well able to enjoy it.

Capt. Fence's partner. Harry Nolen, who retires with him, is a Norwegian. He was a sallor, and may be classed as nail-around waternan. For two years he was with James Gordon Bennett on the Dauntless, and he can tell plenty of queer stories about the strange things that often happened on board that famous old yacht. He was always, and is still, a great schmirer of Mr. Bennett. He says he was a wild, good-natured young fellow, a yachtsman all over, and as plucky a sailor as ever was drenched with spray. "It is a pity," he adda, "that he is only an old steamboat man now!"

Ward Republican Association in Bedford avenue. Williamsburgh, are four ancient trees.

SIR HENRY PARKES. The Grand Old Man of Australia Obliged to

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Sir Henry Parkes, who was compelled to resign as Premier of New South Wales in conse-Grand Old Man of Australia. Until a little more than a year ago he was a very vigorous man, with a profusion of white hair and beard. of remarkable height, active, robust, and with a great capacity for hard work; but in the spring of 1800 he was thrown from his carriage shock and confinement affected his health and constitution, and a wound in his leg did not heal for several months. He had to be carried or couch, at Hampton Villa, Balmain, he pre



BIR HENRY PARKES. sided over the deliberations of the Cabinet Council. He has passed through many con-troversies without losing his grip, but it is ba-

Council. He has passed through many controversies without losing his grip, but it is believed that owing to his advanced age he will retire pormanently.

He was born in Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, on May 27, 1815, and he emigrated to Sydney in 1839. His parents were poor, and he had to go to some place where labor counted for more than it did in a rural parish. He worked as a clerk in a hardware store, as a laborer in a foundry, and as a maker of toys and chessmen. In the course of time he opened a store in Sydney for the sale of toys. He was always ready to discuss social and political questions, and some of his soare time he gave to compositions and poetical effusions. In 1848 he found more congenial employment, entered the political field, and agitated the abolition of the transportation of English criminals. Two years atteward he founded the Empire for the promulgation of his views, and continued it without much profit for seven years. He was a capable, combative, and voluble speaker on public affairs, and he entered the Legislative Assembly in 1856. For many years there were stirring times in the colony, and Parkes increased the discussion of colonial affairs by contributions to the columns of the Moraling Herald. In 1836 he became Colonial Secretary, and in 1870 he was sent for by Sir Alfred Stephen to form his first Ministry. He held the Premiership several times afterward, and he had been in the office practically since 1857. In his speeches he frequently permitted his utterances to overstep judicious bounds. He was a hot-tempered but experienced leader.

Careless in monetary affairs he has been, it is said, actually forced into retirement at times, and when he took office in 1857 he was obliged to make a satisfactory settlement with his creditors, but it is said that he never enriched immedif at the expense of the colony, in his home life he is quiet and retired, delighting in talking to his parrots and watching kangaroos hop about. He has been the most widely carricatured man in the colony, and his poet

Sub-soil ploughing with dynamite is one of the new methods in the South, and it is said to be equal to the process of trenching used by market gardeners to loosen the earth to a by market gardeners to loosen the earth to a depth of two or three feet and allow the absorption of a good deal of water for sustaining vegetation during a drought. The inventor drills holes two or three feet deep and five feet apart, making 1,800 to the acra. In each he puts an explosive, and, after tamping, discharges it, the whole number being connected with a wire leading to a battery. In a recent experiment the explosive used was one-fourth of a small-sized dynamits eartridge, with about an ounce of Judson powder. The surface of the ground appeared to be lifted two or three feet, a few small clods being thrown up to the height of a house. It was broken to the depth of thirty inches at the points of the explosion and addewise for a part of the distance between the holes. THE JIM CROW CAR.

Louisiana Negroes. NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 24.—The negroes of Louis-

iana are wrapt up entirely in the political issue. "the Jim Crow car," and are apparently will-ing to let all other questions go for it. They are taking but little interest in the lottery fight. over which the Democrats are so much divided, and say that they are willing to let the whites settle it among themselves. And they are apparently careless about the offices, or Convention. They insist, however, that "the Jim Crow car" law must go. and they will use all their political ower, and take advantage of the division in the ranks of the whites to bring about this result. This law was passed by the last Legis-

the ranks of the whites to bring about this result. This law was passed by the last Legislature, and compels the rallroad to provide separate cars for the whites and negroes, it has been especially obnoxious to the old free element of the colored population, always very large in New Orleans, who enjoyed great privileges even before the war.

The Jim Crow car has been the bitterest pill the Louisians negroes have had to swallow. It has already affected the rallroad business, many negroes preferring not to travel rather than to be compelled to use separate cars. Several meetings have been held to protest against it. A citizens committee has been appointed to carry on the fight, and the colored preachers have been asked to preach frequently in the pulpit. Under these circumstances the negroes have worked themselves up to a high pitch of excitement, and the affair has assumed the form of a crusade. Church sociables and entertainments of all kinds have been held to raise the fund to fight the Jim Crow car, and money has been collected from everybody in attendance.

The question has been carried into every negro club and association, and the negro who objected to contributing to the Jim Crow fund has been denounced as an enemy of his race. The Bricklayers and Masons' Union, the Mechanics' Club, the Cigarmakers' Union, the Mechanics on the Republican party, and the negro londers seem determined to make it a party of negroes. They are carrying o

National Convention, giving half to the negroes and half to the whites, but it is probable that a hear's otherwise.

Flesty of Life is This Town.

It isn't often nowadays that the typical frontier town of Bret Harto's stories is heard of, but the town of Kootenal, Idaho, is trying to amount to something in that direction. It has a population of 1,000 and the death rate of a city of 15,000. It is the headquarters of the contractors of the Grest Northern Railway, and a locality that was until about two months ago one of the most lonely, barren, and desoints estations along the lime. The thefts and highway robberies have been so numerous and exasperating resently that men who have lived on the frontier formany years, and never been changed by the summerous and exasperating the toughs by day as well as night. Men have been so numerous and exasperating the records of the Christian began. Tokio, has recently been frobbed in broad daylight, and the rounders have defended thomselves with revolvers and knives when attempts have been made to stop them. In one day there were seven robberles two fails shooting scrapes, and experience of the control of the frowing and the control of the control of the control of the frowing and the control of t

PLEASED WITH IT.

Pantomime by a G. O. P. Orator in the Fifth The oratorical mill at the Republican head-

quarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel is extremely busy nowadays. Piery-eyed, ambitious men hang around the rooms waiting to be assigned to various stumps. The other afternoon a big man with a massive brow came out of Oilie Teale's sanctum with a roll of something in his hand. His brow was contracted, his eyes wore a distant, absorbed look, and his hands were twitching. As he entered the barroom he evidently imagined that he was about to mount the platform at some powas about to mount the platform at some po-litical convention, for he waved his disen-gaged hand in oratorical style and his lips moved rapidly, though no sound issued from them. He stopped for a moment at the bar, hesitated and then strode swiftly to the cigar stand. He picked out a big perfect, lit it, and strode back to a corner opposite the bar. There he sank into a cushioned chair and nervously undid the roll. It proved to be a bundle of manuscript. The paper was pea green in color.



He crossed his legs and began to read. His fervor rose as he read. His disengaged hand began to move in rhythm with the expressions in the speech. It was evidently a real old-fashioned, ponderous, G. O. P. kind of a speech, and the witnesses were just as well aware of its contents as though it had been actually delivered. When the last page had been finished the big man carefully rolled up the manuscript again, while an expression of complacent satisfaction stole over his face. He rose ponderously, strode up to the bar, called for whiskey in a strong voice, guiped down half a glassful, and disappeared into the corridor.

THROWN INTO BOILING SPRINGS.

PROTECTING THE PEDDLERS.

Against the Country Shopkeepers. New ORLEANS, Oct. 24 .- The fight over the eddlers in this State has grown warmer, for the farmers have come to their rescue and will make the battle for them.

The peddlers, who do a large business in the rural districts of Louisians, have been warned away from several parishes on the pretense that they were emissaries of the lettery com-pany, who went around buying up the votes of the negroes. In Avoyelles parish the peddes were warned that if they crossed its border were warned that if they crossed its borders they would be dealt with summarit. They have not returned, and the farmers, who have been somewhat incovenienced by their disappearance, determined to take the matter in hand. The parish Alliage has adopted strong resolutions on the sheet, describing the banishment of the gidlers as an outrage, contrary to all usage of a republican form of government, and meaning the end of peace and the free exercise of business. The Alliance denounce the men who drove the peddlers out, and express their itention to protect the latter in their rights. The banishment of the peddlers is generally attributed to the small country storekeepen with whose trade they interfered. The action of the Alliance will probably cause trouble between the farmers and the storekeepers.

. A Sen Island Nine Feet Across.

Capt. John Richards of the British ship Cambrian Monarch, reports having passed within half a mile of a pinnacle rock, showing about seven feet above the water, in latitude 20°2 north, longitude 137°50 west. No soundings were taken and no discolored water was see except close to the rock. The sea was smooth and from the topsail yard the rock appeared to be about nine feet in diameter at the water's edge, but much larger under the water. Capt. Richards says he is sure that it was not a floating object.

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by Cuticura Remedies.



About eight years ago I wrote you from Wilkesbarre. Pa. describing how your wonderful remedies completely cured me of a terrible case of eczema or sait rheum. I must now tell you what CUTICURA IEEE EIDES have sgain done for me. On the 22d of last September I had the mistortune to bruise my log, and I put a piece of sticking plaster on it. Inside of a week I had a terrible leg. My wife became frightened and advised me to go to a surzeon. I went, and dectored for two mouths, but no good was done me, besides costing me big money. My leg had by this time formed into an tileer, and got worse every day. I could not stand it any longer, and made up my mind to go to a surzeon. I went to several here in the city, in turn, but none could do me any good. Thad a terrible leg, with a hole in it as big as a dollar, and pain that almost set me crazy. I get scaped about a the surge of the could be been as well as it ever was, except the terrible sear it left for a reminder of what was once a terrible sere leg. These REMEDIES are worth their weight is gold.

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The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, interally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poleonous elements, and thus remove the causel, and CUTI. CURA. the great Skin Cure, and CUTI. CURA. SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp, and restors the hair), speedily and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, secrofulous, and hereditary diseases and humors, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.

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